

The MAID of the MILL's

58

GARLAND,

Composed of some delightful

11621. C. 5
38

NEW SONGS.

1. *The Maid of the Mill.*
2. *A new Song called Billy and Susan's Parting.*
3. *The Shady Green Tree.*
4. *The Answer to Auld Robin Gray.*
5. *A New Song.*
6. *Captain Barnard's Grenadier.*



Licensed and Entered according to Order.

Maid of the Mill's GARLAND.

MAID OF THE MILL.

I'VE kiss'd and I've prattled to fifty fair maids.
And chang'd them as oft, d'ye see;
I've kiss'd, &c. (green,

But of all the fair maidens that dance on the
'The maid of the mill for me.

There's fifty young men have told me fine tales,
And call'd me the fairest she;

There's fifty young men, &c. (green,
But of all the gay wrestlers that sport on the
Young Harry's the lad for me.

Her eyes are as black as the floe on the hedge,
Her face like the blossoms in May;
Her eyes, &c.

Her teeth are as white as the new shorn flock,
Her breath like the new mown hay.

He's tall, and he's straight as the poplar tree,
His cheeks are as red as a rose;
He's tall, &c.

He looks like a squire of high degree,
When diest in his Sunday's cloaths.

BILLY AND SUSAN'S PARTING,

SWEET Susan I'm come to take my love,
My dearest dear don't sigh nor grieve;

A letter, love, of absence I've received,
Therefore my dearest Susan be not grieved.

For on the main I will maintain,
King George's right with sword in hand ;
My blood I'll spill before France shall have her will
All for the honour of Old England.

How can I hear such killing, killing, news,
Without a flood of melting tears,
Can I the service of the sea refuse ?
It sinks a terror to my tender years.

For now my grief is past relief,
And I with grief do you adore ;
My heart will break concerning of your sake,
And I shall die and never see you more.

My dearest dear you have no cause to fear
The hardships of any woman's case,
There's Providence all on the raging main,
Or else in battle be as safe as here.

For in hymen's bands, thus far from lands,
Perhaps may land a young virgin's friend ;
But let me die, I'd rather they than I,
I should like to tell the story of their ends.

My dearest dear you need not to entertain,
The hardships that we go through on board ;
Our tender pallet it will not be pleased,
Our ship it seldom dainties does afford.

We watch our guard, our lodgings hard,
We are debarr'd of beds of down ;
For the raging sea is not a place of ease,
It is only fit for heroes of renown.

With kisses sweet and solemn vows I'll make
 To you who are my turne dove,
 I'll venture for my king and country's sake,
 Much rather yet then stay with you my love.

So farewell your charms, those loud alarms,
 Those warlike arms call me awa;
 Farewel, adieu, those charms I will renew,
 When I return, but now I cannot stay.

THE SHADY GREEN TREE.

AS I was a walking one midsummer morning
 Down by a shady green tree,
 There did I behold a beautiful virgin,
 Sitting down under a shady green tree;
 I stept'd up to her and said my dear jewel,
 You are the first girl e'er wounded me,
 You shall not want for gold or silver,
 If you will set your affection on me.
 She said, kind sir, you are better deserving,
 I am a poor girl of low degree;
 Besides your parents will be scolding,
 So in my station contented I'll be:
 Talk not of friends, or of any relations,
 They have no portion for to give me,
 As I'm a young man and you a virgin,
 Married to-morrow to you I'll be.
 She sat herself down, I sat myself by her,
 There did I rife her beautiful charms,
 With sweet melting kisses and kind embraces,
 We slept together in each others arms;

The space of three hours in the green grove,
 And under the shady green tree,
 And when I awaked I found her no virgin,
 Married to you I never will be.

She said, kind sir, you are my undoing,
 Can you, O can you so cruel be,
 How can I pass any more for a virgin,
 Since you have had your will on me.
 Come all pretty maidens and take warning,
 Never trust a young man in any degree,
 For when they've enjoy'd the fruit of your garden
 Then they will leave you, as he has left me.

THE ANSWER TO AULD ROBIN GRAY.

JENNY she is married to auld Robin Gray,
 Alas! I dinna care how my time gangs away,
 Tho' hard my misfortune when I was wreck'd at sea,
 Yet soon I had forgot them had Jenny staid for me;
 'Twas all for Jenny's sake that I sail'd on the main,
 In hopes of getting riches her gaily to mantain,
 But fatal was the hour I ever went to sea
 Since Jenny's love is lost, and did not stay for me.

Sure gold is a cursed thing; of love it is the bane,
 Yet wae's me I cry, to think that I had nane,
 For woman's love is fickle as changing as the wind,
 My Jenny has prov'd it so alas! too true I find;
 What made the old carle take sic a lovely maid,
 The winter of his age is not fitting for her bed,

Like stane he lies beside her and snores the night
away,

Had she but staid for Jamie it had nae been sae.

Her breast like the lillies, her cheeks like the rose,
Her breath it is as sweet as the zephyr when it blows,
Her eyes they are like stars in a frosty night so fine,
Yet wae's Jamie's heart, she never can be mine.
True love belong to men, for women they have
none,

Or auld Robin Gray could ne'er have Jenny won,
It was gold that charm'd while I was gone to sea,
Yet sure she can't be happy, for thus deceiving me.

Adieu, my false Jenny, since war now calls to
arms,

I'll sail upon the ocean and quite forget thy charms,
And fight against the foe, no matter death or life,
Since auld Robin Gray has got Jenny for a wife.
Yet should I return the news it may be spread,
That Jenny she is free again and auld Robin dead,
I'll wait what fate ordains, and never more repine,
But yet I'll live in hopes that Jenny may be mine.

A NEW SONG.

ONE summer morning as I was a walking,
I heard a young damsel making her moan,
My Johnny's gone and left me, which sorely does
perplex me,

As I a poor girl am left alone.

He's gone and is left me, this false hearted young
I little thought so cruel he had been, (man,

The thoughts of my Johnny, will drive me melancholly,

If I hear he's buried all in the salt sea.

Down by the sea side, as she was lamenting,

Making a moan for the loss of her dear,

A young sailor slept'd up to her, said he my dearest jewel,

Come tell me the reason that you sit sighing here.

My dearest Johnny is gone away from me,

He's gone and he's left me in sorrow and in woe;

I can't take any ease since he's cross'd the raging seas,

I can't tell where to wander or where to go.

He said my dearest jewel, come leave off your sighing,

Dry up these tears don't you grieve any more,

For I am your Johnny, drive off all melancholy,

I am your true love just come on shore,

Hearing what he said, she stood like one amazed,

Wiping the tears from off her beautiful eyes;

Said she my dearest jewel, how could you be so cruel,

'Tis doubtful I had died if I'd never seen you more

Now this happy couple they are joined together,

The bells they did ring and the music did play;

Now they live together, like two loyal lovers,

Bless'd be this couple until their dying day.

CAPTAIN BARNARD'S GRENADEER.

WE march'd from Gloucester the 19th of June,
Colours being flying & soldiers in full bloom,

Little did I think that my true-love was so near,
My heart was stole away by Capt. Barnard's gre-
nadier.

My father & my mother confin'd me in a room,
I jump'd out of the window & I went into the town,
It was my good fortune to meet with my dearest
dear,

My heart was stole away by Capt. Barnard's gre-
nadier.

My love goes to the Capt. so valiant & so bold,
He is clothed all in scarlet, & laced round with gold,
I wash'd my love his linen, to please my dearest dear,
My heart was stole away by Capt. Barnard's gre-
nadier.

The lads loves the music our Capt. does command
They play such pleasant tunes all on our royal band;
They play'd the sweetest marches that ever I did
hear,

When I was in the grove with Capt. Barnard's
grenadier.

'Tis in came Timothy Clayton with his all
wooing drum, (all the room;
He swore he'd kiss'd the bonniest girl that was in
With his shoes as black as jet, he's powder'd from
ear to ear, 10 JU 52 (grenadier.
Yet she swore she'd go along with Capt. Barnard's

FINIS.